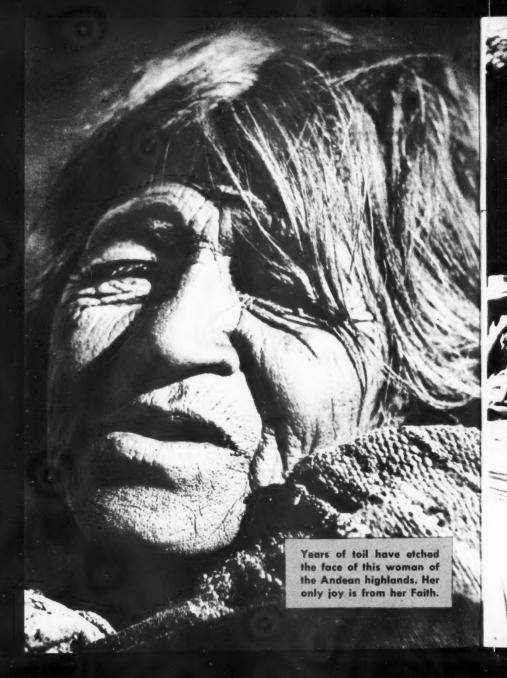
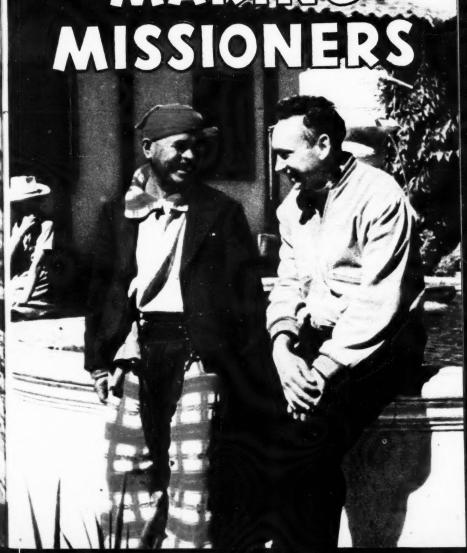
Maryknoll



MAKING





A number of Maryknoll seminaries are connected by short-wave radio. This set is at our school in Clarks Summit, Pa. It provides valuable training.

■ THE TASK OF training a Maryknoll missioner is not an easy one, and it takes a long time. A doctor doesn't become a doctor simply by putting on a white coat and hanging up a sign. His degree requires many years of study. The case is similar for a priest.

It takes many years of study, to become a priest for a diocese here at home. Add one extra year, and you will have the length of time it takes to become a Maryknoll missioner. A large part of the training at Maryknoll is similar to that found in any seminary — a regular college course, and the equivalent of four years of specialized postgraduate university work. However, at Maryknoll the future missioner gets additional training because of the specialized nature of his work. He must study the history and culture of mission peoples. Languages are important. He gets basic training in mission medicine, by spending time working in the clinic of some large hospital. A manual-labor period each day gives him the opportunity to learn a little of various trades.

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Our seminarians — athletes for Christ

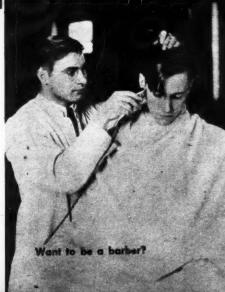




Pennsylvania. A special house for a year of spiritual training is located at Bedford, Massachusetts.

Many an American boy feels that, to become a missioner, he should be a sort of superman. Nothing is further from the truth! All Maryknoll looks for are typical American youths, willing to serve God. The training comes in the seminary — that is what a seminary is for. Besides training, the seminary gives every aspirant a chance to test his vocation — to determine whether he is really called to the work of the missions. The seminary is the place to find out if the candidate really has a vocation.

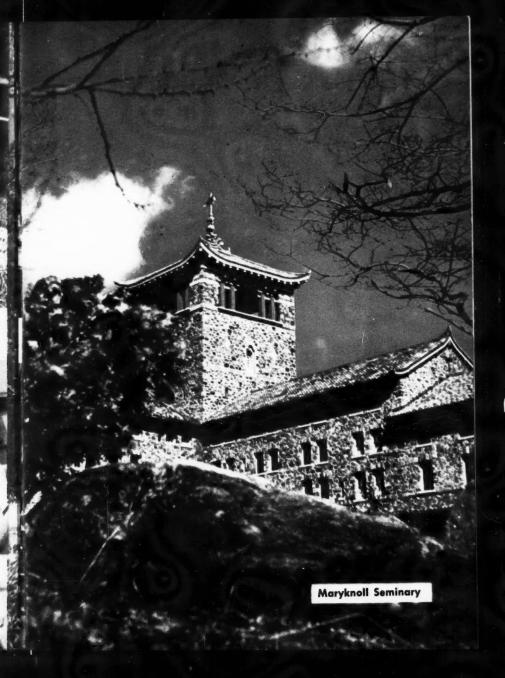
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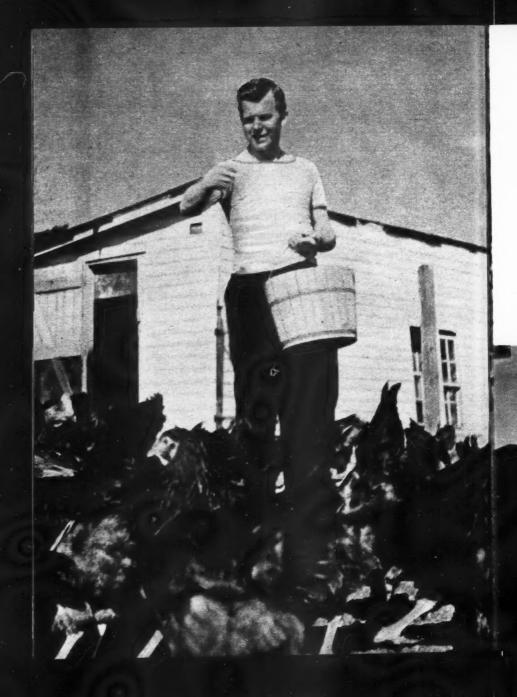




Motorists in the vicinity of Lexington, Mass., are familiar with this sign (above) pointing to our novitiate at Bedford. After the war many GI's came to Maryknoll for a chance to serve God overseas in foreign-mission work.







■ How is a young man to know if he has a vocation to the foreign missions? If he can answer "Yes" to the following questions, he has the basic qualifications: Have I the desire to take Christ overseas to as many men as possible? Have I sufficiently good health to carry out this desire? Have I at least average mental ability? Have I the faith expected of a real Catholic boy?

If the answers to all these questions are "Yes," the young man should consult with his confessor or pastor, concerning admission to a mission seminary. He should also talk the matter over with his parents.

Mission life is not easy, but it has rewards found in no other work on earth.



A golden sunburst cascades into the chapel of our California seminary. (Below) A major seminarian studies in his room. The younger seminarians live in dormitories. The farmer (left) is now Father Jim Jackson. This picture was taken when he was a novice. All these chickens have long since been eaten, but their progeny are around.



THE SUPERIOR GENERAL'S CORNER

By Bishop Raymond A. Lane, Superior General of Maryknoll

To say that I was surprised and pleased at the development of the little mission at Naha, the principal city of Okinawa, is an understatement. Just four and a half years ago, I had been dumped at Buckner Bay on Okinawa, from a freighter of the Seventh Fleet, which had taken me there from Darien, Manchuria.

Take your map and look for Japan. Run your finger down from Tokyo to Nagasaki; then continue on to the islands that string out to Oshima and Okinawa; and you will be looking at the Ryukyu Vicariate. Look at it, but don't stop there. Pray for

it, and help it if you can.

In 1946 I spent two weeks at Okinawa. The only sign of Catholicity, besides the military chaplains with their setups, was the grave of a French missioner (of the Paris Foreign Missions, I believe) in a small foreign cemetery at Naha, near the graves of some of Perry's sailors who had died in an epidemic during the famous trip to Japan.

Disappointed at finding no trace of a Catholic mission and realizing the great need of one, I sent a report to the Cardinal Prefect of Propaganda when I returned to the States. Now Monsignor Ley and two of his Capuchin conferes are doing splendid work on the island, and there are additional Capuchins and other missioners on some of the other islands, particularly Oshima.

Monsignor Felix Ley, the Prefect Apostolic, is just over forty. He has a patriarchal beard, and eyes that reflect peace and goodness. Father Valentine, one of the assistants, is already known far and wide on the sixty-mile stretch of Okinawa. Father Erman is teaching at Okinawa University.

Girls and women attend a sewing school at Naha. War widows conduct a laundry, established for their support. There are a school, a catechumenate, and other activities that give much promise. Monsignor Ley has great need of Sisters, particularly to organize a novitiate for a

native community.

Thus the Lord inches ahead in another group of the "lost" islands of the Pacific. Populations are not large, distances over the trackless water are huge. A single mission territory in Japan, China, or India contains more souls than the entire population of Oceania. But neither the Lord nor His missioners calculate in this fashion. Souls numerous or few, in lands near or far, friendly or hostile, are the object of a worldembracing solicitude. The Ryukyus have their place in the global pattern quite as do Rome, London, or Affans New York.

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Jersey City's Brother Bede Horgan, ex-naval officer, now serves Christ.

■ THERE ARE in the United States today many young men who love and worship God intensely. They are determined to prove their love of God by loving and serving their fellow men throughout the world.

Maryknoll needs such young men in its dedicated purpose of taking Christ to the whole world. Maryknoll needs young men who wish to dedicate their energies, their talents, their whole lives to God as Maryknoll Brothers.

The first step to be taken by any young man who thinks along these lines is to talk the matter over with his pastor or confessor. He should then visit a Maryknoll priest, if

there is one nearby, or write to the Vocation Director at Maryknoll P. O., New York.

To be accepted for the Maryknoll Brothers, the candidate must be between 21 and 30 years old. He must have good health and good character; and in addition, the applicant ought to bring some technical or commercial skill that can be used in Maryknoll's work.

Some Maryknoll Brothers work in faraway mission lands; others work in Maryknoll houses in this country. But every Maryknoll Brother uses the tasks assigned to him wherever they may be, to intensify his love for God by helping to save men's souls.

Padre Jaime Goes to Town

Rich and poor alike admire the social work of the big priest who speaks Spanish with a Brooklyn accent and who always has room in his heart for one more poor person.

ALTHOUGH Padre James Manning, of Richmond Hill, N. Y., is a skilled magician, it is not through sleight of hand that he obtains the release from jail for so many boys. Neither is there any magic in the fact that he rehabilitates them for useful life in Talca, Chile. He has a personality that inspires real confidence in the young. They believe in him and love him deeply. Padre Jaime, as he is called here, is a big man with an even bigger heart. He speaks Spanish with a Brooklyn accent. He has an untiring, infectious zeal for the good of Chile's young people.

A Chilean journalist recently summed up his impressions of Padre Jaime as follows: "We think that Padre Jaime is one of the greatest unofficial ambassadors of the United States in Latin America; he's a oneman good-will mission."

Padre Jaime's favorite project is his Ciudad de Nino, a miniature of the famous Boys Town in Nebraska. He started his "city" some time ago, in order to give a half a dozen street urchins, from the ages of four to ten years, a place to eat and sleep. Providing these youngsters with living quarters at the Institute of Leo XIII was his way of fighting juvenile delinquency. It wasn't long before he had these boys attending classes in reading and writing—a luxury that they never could have afforded without his help.

The seventeen citizens in his Boys Town — 30 are on the waiting list — now sleep in a dormitory. Each has his own bed and personal clothes

locker. During the day some of the boys attend classes at Catholic schools in Talca. Others follow courses at the Institute under the direction of Chilean teachers. The boys spend a certain time each day in perfecting themselves in some trade. They are learning how to



MARYKNOLL

make furniture, under the expert guidance of a skilled craftsman. In addition, they have plenty of time to indulge in their favorite sport, basketball. Their meals are a bit on the simple side, but the food is nourishing. Before coming to the Institute, many of these boys had seldom known the luxury of three meals every day. Regular eating has no substitute if a boy is to grow strong and healthy.

The main purpose of Institute Leo XIII, founded by Father Manning in 1944, is the development of Catholic family life among the work-

ing classes of Talca.

The wives of the workers come to the Institute for daytime classes in child care, housekeeping, sewing, and

knitting.

The men attend nightly classes at the Institute, where they are given the opportunity of learning trades under skilled instructors. At present the night classes are training more than a hundred men in mechanics, radio, carpentry, and general studies. Once a week Padre Jaime gives them a talk on the rights of labor; often guest speakers are invited to address the workers.

The youngsters of the workingclass families have a part in the Institute's social program. So many of these ran the streets, ragged and dirty, with no place to play, that Padre Jaime opened the Institute's doors to them on Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays. A small basketball court was prepared for the older boys; swings, seesaws, and sandpiles for the smaller children. Each afternoon some catechism is explained. Padre Jaime gives them hot chocolate and some bread or cake.



Juveniles really have a good chance, thanks to Padre Jaime's fine work.

In addition Padre Jaime takes one hundred and twenty poor boys to the seashore for a real vacation every summer. He buys each one a pair of blue jeans, a shirt, and a pair of shoes. A month at the shore works miracles in these youngsters from Talca's slums. An equal number of poor girls get their vacations at the seashore, after the boys have had theirs. The girls, too, receive new clothes — dresses and shoes.

After six years of this kind of work, Padre Jaime is convinced that this is the best way to show the working classes that the Church is on their side. Through the many projects of the Institute, Padre Jaime has gained the love and respect of all the people of Talca. Rich and poor alike recognize his great social work. Many of Talca's citizens who

were anti-Catholic and communist sympathizers, seeing what Padre Jaime has done, have become enthusiastic admirers of the social doctrine of the Catholic Church.

Materially, the programs of the Institute have meant an improved standard

the pesos needed to

support the many programs of the Institute come from sources that make a whole story in themselves.

The Chilean Government gives Padre Jaime a small subsidy towards the expenses of this Ciudad de Nino, whose citizens receive free schooling, clothing, shelter, and other facilities. Talca's Board of Education contributes some of the school supplies. The Chilean Government also gives him a small yearly subsidy for the summer camps.

Other contributions, from Padre Jaime's many friends in the United States, help to make the work of the Institute possible. But the main sources of support are a whole series of projects carried on by Padre Jaime himself.

Weekly dances are held at the Institute, for which admittance is a modest five pesos. Hot coffee and sandwiches are served. To defray the cost of the refreshments, Father Manning inserts sponsored commercials between records. Each Wednesday the public is invited to come to

the institute for free movies. Between 250 and 700 people show up for these dances and free movies. Through these entertainments, Padre Jaime offers wholesome recreation for the

> workers and keeps them out of saloons.

Another way Padre Jaime has of of living for some THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, supporting his many The centavos and MARYKNOLL P.O., N.Y. putting on magic shows, for which a

small admittance fee is charged. Padre Jaime is a clever magician; he studied this art under one of the most famous magicians in the world.

One night the jugglers from the Institute, trained by Padre Jaime, put on a meet with a juggling team from Temuco. Unexpectedly, a circus showed up on the same night, in a neighboring town. The circus drained off people who otherwise would have gone to the juggling event. The Institute's profit that night was small.

Shortly after coming to Chile, Father Manning had an unpleasant experience. He had a trained duck named Butch, that was part of his magic act. Butch was like a member of the family.

But one night, while Padre Jaime was having supper with the Bishop of Talca — with whom he was living at the time — the Bishop said, "I'm sorry to tell you that the duck we're having for dinner tonight is Butch. The cook killed him by mistake."

Padre Jaime couldn't eat a bit of supper that night.

Brother Fidelis, shopping in Musoma, Africa, remarked to a merchant that his prices were high. "Impossible," the man answered, "I make only one percent. If I buy an article for one shilling, I sell it for two." -Brother Damien

OUR ADDRESS?

It's Easy!



DEAR MARYKNOLL FATHERS,

One of our sons, Adrian, who is in the Marines has two friends for years. One is Louie, the other Hugo.

At one time Louie and Adrian thought they had vocations to the priesthood. Louie went to the preparatory seminary for a while. Adrian had a hard time with Latin at the Catholic high school he attended. When he comes home he may try to become a Brother. These two boys are 19 years old. Hugo would be 21.

Hugo did not go to church. There were many, many arguments by these three kids. The two trying to get Hugo to return to the Sacraments and Mass. No results. Then Adrian got a letter from Hugo who was in Korea. Adrian showed me the letter. Here is what it said:

"I was in Japan on leave before going back into the thick of it. I felt so alone, walking nowhere, thinking of our times in Flatbush, when I see a sign, Maryknoll Mission four miles. Adrian, all you told me of Maryknoll came back in a flash. I said they are friends of Adrian, I'm going there.

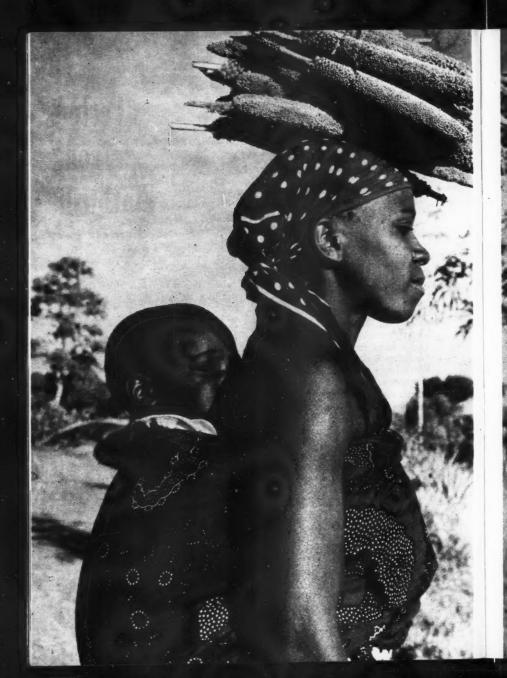
"I walked the four miles and met a

wonderful guy. A priest. He was just having lunch, some tea and rice. He invited me to eat with him. While eating I told him our story. In five minutes he had me going to Confession, and on account of me having to get back in the line, he gave me Holy Communion. It was wonderful but sad for me. What I'm trying to say, Adrian, if you hadn't told me about Maryknoll I'd still be lost. Thank you, Adrian.

"I feel sad to think that I had to come to this hole in Japan to find God, when I only lived one short block from a church back home. I know God is beside me always. Pray for me. I'm not afraid no more. If you get back tell Mom and Sis. Your friend, Hugo."

Two days later Hugo, back in action, was killed. Adrian showed me the letter and loaned it to Hugo's family. Hugo's mother was dying of cancer and the letter was a great consolation to her.

As Adrian said, what would have happened to Hugo, one of millions, if that good priest was not in Japan. Please pray for my three sons in uniform.







MEET THE NEIGHBORS

■ ALONG THE WESTERN SHORE of Lake Victoria is Tanganyika, the home of some of Africa's most famous Negro tribes. In the northwestern part of this country, Maryknollers staff the Musoma Prefecture. It is a sprawling mission territory, running along the historic big-game regions. Among the people there, priests like Father Louis Bayless (above) are developing a flourishing Catholic life.



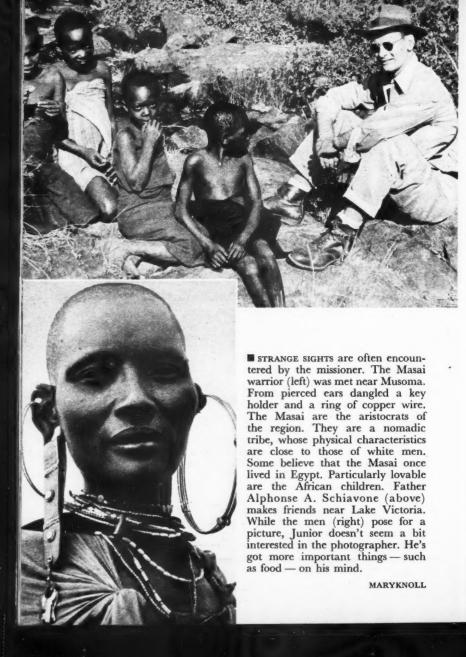


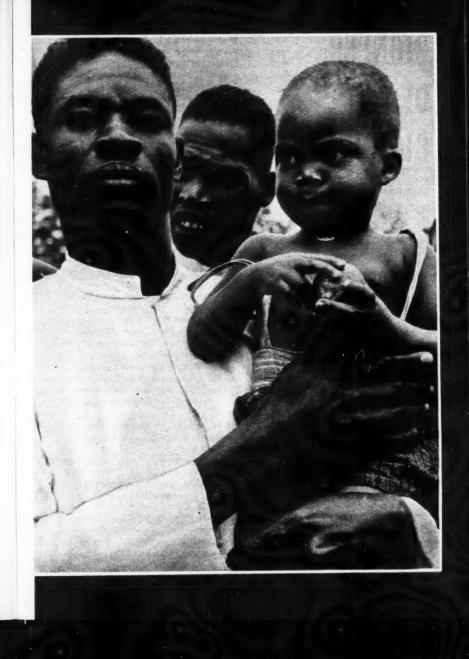
"THE PEOPLE around Musoma are the most wonderful in the world!" writes one missioner. While there may be a certain partiality in this statement — because every missioner says it about his own people, no matter in what part of the world he works — the Musoma people are among the best.

Hard-working, like Herman (right), who carries hemp for rope making — poor, like the old woman (above) sunning herself before her mud-and-wattle hut — the Musoma people are happy, thoughtful, and friendly. Anna (left) is typical. She is a good mother, a good Christian,

and a good African.







PIONEER OF BIG DIPPER

BY HENRY J. MADIGAN

He always hopes for the best and is prepared for the worst.



Father Henry J. Madigan came to Maryknoll from Catholic Central High School in Troy, New York. He has been a missioner in Kaying, China, since 1937. Some time ago he was questioned by the Reds. One Communist soldier stuck a gun in his ribs. and when Father didn't answer the question to suit his captors, a gun in another part of the room was shot off.

■ THE ANGEL who records auspicious events wrote in his cosmic ledger on September 13, 1903: "Born to Daniel J. Murphy and Mary Adelaide Dart, of Montreal, Canada, a son, Joseph Maynard." And somewhere among the B's, he wrote again on the same day: "Blessed solemnly, the church of The Sacred Heart in the Hakka hills of China."

Perhaps the angelic scribe may have given a knowing wink to the two guardian angels as they set out that day to their appointed protectorates — one to stand by the boy in Montreal, the other to watch over

the sacred edifice in China.

Perhaps he even prophesied,
"You two shall meet again."

They did—twenty-five years later. We have no record of what the two angels said to each other on that September day in 1928, when Father William Downs escorted Father Murphy over the hundred-odd miles of mountain trails, from Meihsien to the church of The Sacred Heart, Father Murphy's new charge. We do know what the priests said.

"Well," remarked Father Downs, "here it is. You are the pastor. I have to return to Meihsien. See you

again!"

Father Murphy looked at the small isolated, unencouraging village perched like an inverted cup resting on the elevated bottom of a huge bowl. He darted quick glances, from the muddy ricefields below to the periphery of mountains above and beyond. Then he rolled up his sleeves and went to work. Twenty-two years later, he was still on the job, a little man holding firmly, in his spiritual grasp, Big Dipper

Village. And because he stayed to care for the sacred edifice that had been blessed the day he was born, the Catholicity of Big Dipper Village now shines brilliantly.

The ground for the Sacred Heart Church in Big Dipper Village was broken, the plans were laid by an old French missioner, who did not com-

plete the church himself, but who lived long enough to see some of his dreams come true. Father Murphy broke more ground, watered that which had already been prepared, and has reaped the harvest sown during both lifetimes. From the daring dreams of the French missioner and the two decades of missionary endeavor of the Canadian Maryknoller, two edifices have arisen on that once pagan knoll; one physical, the other spiritual.

Big Dipper Village's church is the largest in this section of China. It houses an enormous altar, eight feet long, hewn and carved from camphor logs. It has beautiful stained-glass windows and thin columns of cut stone that stretch up some thirty feet to the tinted ceiling. Outside, the twin towers of the church tease the clouds and stand as staunchly in the Hakka heavens as does the apex of St. Patrick's Cathedral in the skies of New York. Those towers are the home for "John the Evangelist," the bell that was brought from France.

The spiritual edifice is the Big Dipper parish. It was once ninety miles long and fifty miles wide. During Father Murphy's twenty-two years as pastor, the parish has been sliced five times — and each slice is now a flourishing parish in its own right. During the past year, almost a

A man without a heart is like a

seminary without a chapel.

Maryknoll will be incomplete

until our chapel is built. Tem-

porary quarters that are now

being used are unsatisfactory.

Will you help fill our need with

a gift?

thousand pagans studied the doctrine and were baptized. One could mention still another edifice—part physical and part spiritual: the pastor himself. Father Murphy is

the senior priest in the diocese and perhaps the smallest priest in all China. During the past twenty-two years, he has walked about a thousand miles a year, visiting his many Christian settlements. He has seen some ten curates come and go. He has watched some of his Christians grow into priests and Sisters.

During his twenty-two years in Big Dipper Father Murphy longed to build a parochial school, but war and unrest always seemed to intervene. After the defeat of the Japanese he begged friends to help him complete this dream. They did. The building took shape and became one of the finest in South China.

But Father Murphy never saw its doors open. Two weeks before the school was to open, the Communists stepped in and confiscated the school. Then they evicted the pastor of Big Dipper from his parish.

Despite all his difficulties, Father Murphy remains optimistic. His friends tell him to forget Big Dipper, the Reds are there to stay. But he reminds them that in China the inevitable seldom happens. He knows that his hopes for the best will come true.

MISSION SUNDAY

Support Your Society for the PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH





YOU can prepare him ... to render this service

MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll P.O., New York Dear Fathers:

I am pleased to know that more than 800 young Americans are in training in Maryknoll seminaries, to prepare for the foreign-mission priesthood.

Please use my gift of \$_____toward the \$500 needed to educate one Maryknoll Seminarian for one year. When I can do so, I shall send other gifts for this purpose.

My Name			
Street			
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No Stumbling in the Dark

BY JOSEPH V. FLYNN

DARKNESS had just fallen one night, shortly after I came to Conquista in the Pando region of Bolivia. I heard the cook half crying, half yelling, behind the rectory. With several others, I ran to investigate. We saw a big pucarara, the most deadly snake in Bolivia. I aimed my flashlight at the slowly retreating giant, while a native slipped a shell into his gun, took careful aim, and pulled the trigger. Nothing happened. He pulled the trigger again, and the shell caught the pucarara a few inches below the head. For a minute or so, the snake thrashed around in its death agony. Then it quieted down, and we could have a better look.

The pucarara measured eight feet long and was ten inches in diameter. Its head was diamond-shaped, and marked like its body, brown crossed by irregular black lines. The tail came to a sharp, bony point.

Pucararas have killed several horses and mules, in and around Conquista. Along one jungle road lies the skeleton of a mule that had been bitten several times by one of these snakes. Death followed within hours. The pucarara usually attacks humans only when it is hungry. It rolls itself up into a huge coil and strikes somewhere above the knees. The natives fear the pucarara much more than they do jaguars or alligators. I can see their point.

On another occasion, while on a

mission trip, I was sleeping in a native hut. Something thumping on the floor somewhere near my bed woke me up. I didn't have a flashlight, only a box of matches. After lifting the mosquito net carefully, I leaned out a way and struck a match. As the glare of the flame pierced the cool blackness of the early morning, all I could see was a cat disappearing into the darkness.

Just before the match went out, I looked on the floor. Walking slowly around the top of my riding boot was a centipede — a fat, shiny, brown one, about four inches long. All of its disagreeable-looking legs' were moving in unison. I lost no time in lighting a candle stub, and beating the brains out of the many-legged villain.

On two occasions, here in the tworoomed house that is my headquarters, I have discovered tarantulas near my bed. These ugly, hairy spiders have taken a liking to hiding places under the crude, wooden mats that cover the mud floor of the rectory. Lizards and other insects hide under the wooden mats during the day and come out to forage at night.

After these experiences, I pull my socks over the tops of my boots and keep a flashlight next to my pillow. After a few more years in Conquists I'll probably be just as careless as the natives. But even they don't risk stumbling around in the dark.

for

The Sown Field Sleeps On

■ MISSION LIFE is very different in the anticipatory dream stage than in the later reality. But who shall say that the reality, however unanticipated a form it may take, is not as good as, or even better than, the dream? It will not appear in this wise at first sight. Yet it may mean more in the sight of God, may more truly advance His cause than some more literal approximation to highflown aims could ever do. The lives of men and women are never quite as they pictured them. What sensible person, after all, expects them to be? Surely, of all men, not the missioner.

As it happens, the missioner need not worry at all about his whole unpredictable career turning out to be a mere catalogue of dreams come true. His singularly uncharted life is bound to deviate from the foreseen and the foreseeable. His path will have its windings, turnings, twistings, reversals, and surprises. It is normal for his life to be abnormal. However, that does not mean that its disappointments will make it disappointing, disillusioning, inglorious. It is not less meaningful and efficacious because it was

less anticipated. No man's life need be fruitless, spoiled, awry, and dissonant like sweet bells jangled out of tune, just because it does not conform to the little personal plans of human reckoning. It will be fruitful if it conforms to the plans of God.

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ALL HUMAN BEINGS tend to cross their bridges before they come to them, particularly missioners. How could anybody with a mission vocation close his eyes to the radiant future that beckons him on, stretches out so invitingly before him? How could he fail to peer forward, see in his mind's eye, reach for, clutch at, focus on, the apostolic conquests, the great victories that are potential to his state? The missioner would fain stir up a whole pagan world with Paul, and open continents with Xavier, even though he is not very likely to do either.

There is an excellent reason behind such bold hopes, when the case is examined. It is not the fancied fitness of the messenger, but the eminent fitness of his message; it is his own growing, fascinated apprehension of, absorption in, the



This Month's Cover

African natives find colorful costumes tremendously appealing. However, they wear them only on the occasion of certain important festivals. Their everyday dress and life are very drab. A parallel can be found among American Indians. Beaded costume and feather headdress are reserved for only the most solemn occasions. They would be out of place in the African's humdrum world.

unsearchable riches of Christ.

How is it possible that many souls can still remain in the outer darkness. lost in their own cold, unfeeling wilderness of paganism, when the Firstborn among many brothers has thrown open — and just for them all the warmth, the light, the riches of His Father's house? True, they cannot believe Him of whom they have not heard, cannot hear without a preacher. But shall they not hear at last — and can they fail to hear when they have been surrounded with all those myriad fiery tongues spoken so eloquently, not by the missioner, but by the charity of Christ?

Yes, they will both hear and understand the good tidings of great joy, but all in good time and in ways known best to God-not necessarily in the missioner's time and way. The missioner does not expect to see this great future reality, except in a glass darkly. He does not think it any less real, however, because it is less visible and immediate. What after all is meant by the reality in a work of centuries the seen or the unseen, the seed or the tree, the prosaic present in God's whole limitless eternity? The beginning of ten thousand things is hard, as the Chinese proverb says.

Meanwhile, the missioner has plenty of sights for his own two eyes to see, even if he does not see everything. He sees a grandmother bring a chicken from her slender store, to present to the Child Jesus. He watches the big, round, wondering eyes of village children fasten on the image of Our Lady for the first time, as if they instinctively knew their Mother. He sees old men, young

Maryknoll

The Field Afar

Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



Maryknoll was established in 1911 by the American Hierarchy to prepare missioners from the United States and to send them forth, under the direction of the Holy See, to the mission fields of the world.

men, rich men and poor men, good men and bad men, leave their old clinging concerns and stumble into the light, when they could scarcely discern it, scarcely know where they were going. There will come a day when he'll see their sons step forward to take the Lord for their portion and ascend the altar of God.

The missioner sees the inside of a jail or two, perhaps; but that is to give him a richer share in mission realities, to deepen and glorify his humble part. He sees enough, for he sees with the eyes of faith. He probably finds the reality just as good as the dream.

- Bishop James E. Walsh

OCTOBER, 1951

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How about YOU?

YOU HEAR a lot of talk these days about the world, and often much of it is double talk. But when the Church speaks about the world, it's straight from the shoulder.

The very meaning of the word "Catholic" is "universal." Christ meant what He said when He told His followers to go out and teach all nations. He wanted every

Catholic to take an active share in the world apostolate; and for some this means giving their lives to the mission cause.

At Maryknoll we have almost 800 young men training to be missioners. Yet these are not enough. The job of converting the world is a big one. More workers are needed. HOW ABOUT YOU?

MARYKNOLL I MARYKNOLL P.C							10-1		
Dear Fathers: Please send me monthly literature about becoming a Maryknoll (Check one). I understand this does not obligate me in any way.					(
My Name									
Street									
		Postal Zone							
City			Postal Zone						

"This Persuaded Me"

A newly ordained priest tells how he came to Maryknoll and offers advice to young men who would do likewise.

BY FRANCIS J. ASSENMACHER

■ AS I WRITE, I am waiting for an assignment that will send me as a missioner to some far-off corner of the world. In another month I shall be ordained to the priesthood; and soon after that, I will begin my missionary career. At long last I am nearing the goal that I have been aiming at since early grammar school days.

It is hard to say just when and under what circumstances the idea of becoming a missioner first came to me. It seems that at a very early age I wanted to be a priest like the pastor, who came with his dog to the schoolyard to watch the children at play. I can still picture him, standing with his curved pipe in his mouth, and surrounded by a crowd of laughing youngsters. Each morning the pastor celebrated Mass for us, and frequently gave us a little spiritual talk about the feast we were cele-. brating. It was the pastor who prepared us all for the reception of First Holy Communion. His talks, stories, and example made a lasting impression and influenced me in my desire to be a shepherd of souls.

Just when the Holy Ghost inspired me to be a missioner is another mystery. Incidentally, some have the mistaken idea, that to become a priest or a nun, a person has to have a special revelation from the Holy Ghost, in the form of a telegram or something similar. All that is really necessary is a firm desire to serve God, good health, sufficient mental capacity, and a reliable character.

The idea of being a missioner may have come from something that I read in the Junior Catholic Messenger, or it may have come from one of the Sisters who taught me in grammar school and who gave me some of her wonderful mission spirit. I recall reading something in the Junior Catholic Messenger that turned my attention to the missions, but I do not remember what the article was about. My mind was definitely made up after I heard a Maryknoll missioner give a talk in our church.

All of this took place while I was still in grammar school. At that early age, the mission life appealed to me because it seemed to be adventurous. Like any American boy, I

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was interested in such things as Indians and pirates. One of my favorite books was Treasure Island: I read it several times. I wanted to be a priest, but had the idea - still have it — that it would be more exciting

to be a missionary priest.

Things were clearer to me when it came time to enter the seminary. I entered with the definite purpose of serving God by striving to save the souls of peoples in mission lands. Of course my ideas of the priesthood were still vague. I was fourteen when I entered the seminary and still had a lot of things to learn. Studying for the priesthood meant leaving a lot of legitimate pleasures. All of us know this when we come to the seminary; we do so willingly, out of love for Christ. We like parties, but our love for God and neighbor is stronger. Don't get the idea that there isn't any fun in the seminary. I left a small gang of friends back home, only to find a bigger one here at Maryknoll - with whom I have

O GOD, who wouldst have all men to be saved and come. to a knowledge of the truth, send forth, we beseech Thee, laborers into Thy harvest, and grant them with all boldness to preach the Word, that Thy Gospel may everywhere be heard and glorified, and that all nations may know Thee and Him whom Thou has sent, Fesus Christ, Thy Son, Our Lord. Amen.

spent many happy years.

One learns a lot while he is in a seminary. During the course of the years many returned missioners gave us talks. Over the period of years, the idea of the priesthood and mission life developed. The original yearning of the young altar boy to say Mass changed into a grasp of the reality of the priest as a mediator between God and man, as the dispenser of the sacraments, as the preacher of the word of God. Together with this, there is an understanding of the universal call of all people to be saved by Christ, and a realization that all men are brothers. Back of all this there is a deep love of God and mankind, which gives rise to the desire to teach the love of God to others. The seminarian's whole sense of values changes and he concludes that the greatest good he can take to others is the means of saving their immortal souls. The Scripture text that so influenced St. Francis Xavier still has its effect today: "What does it profit a man if he gains the whole world but loses his own soul?" As missioners, we twist this around to read: "What can we give to men that is more valuable than the means of saving their souls?"

A while back, one of our professors said in class that, before there can be peace in the world, there must be unity. As Catholics, we find that unity in the Mystical Body of Christ. As members of the Mystical Body, all Catholics are united to one another, and all have a share in the meritorious acts of any member of the Body. This means that, if one member of the Mystical Body attends Mass, all the members in good standing receive

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benefits, regardless of the distances that may separate them. Every missioner propagates this mystical union that unites the world to the

Prince of Peace, and thereby takes true peace to the world.

It is evident that Christianity must play an important part, if there is to be peace in the world. The missioner has

a great part to play, in the reorganization of the world by taking the Prince of Peace to our less-fortunate brethren. A union of peace will be built on a union of love, the

Mystical Body.

As missioners, our aim will be to establish the Church of Christ in non-Christian lands. Missioners are more powerful than armies. Our work cannot fail because God is on our side. It may be hindered for a time. But it will spring up stronger than before. Sooner or later there will be a change in the people, as the Church makes headway. Perhaps the changes will not be brought about as rapidly as those made by the great missioners like Paul, Patrick, Boniface; but they will be there, just the same. The missioner is a revolutionary in the sense that he strives to turn people from adoring idols

and to induce them to adore the one true God.

I had the desire of becoming a missioner at an early age. Vocations

are strange in that respect. Sometimes To assure the safe arrival of God gives them early in life, and in other cases He gives them later. Many of my classmates did not think about the mission life un-

> til they were in high school. They entered the seminary for their college training. One of my classmates managed a grocery store for a few years, before coming to Maryknoll. Another had finished college and was a Navy pilot for five years, before

joining Maryknoll.

Changing Your Address?

Maryknoll, The Field Afar at

your new address, kindly write

to us, giving both the old and

the new address. In this way

you will not miss a single issue.

At one time or another, many of us have had false notions about the missions. Once I was afraid that all the people of China would be converted before I could be ordained. Then I learned that there are over 400 million Chinese who have not yet heard about Christ. Letters from Maryknollers in Latin America impressed on my mind the terrible shortage of priests in that region. Anyone desiring to serve God as a missioner should know that there are only 800 million Christians of the more than two billion people on earth.

AFRICAN EYE-OPENER.

IN THE GOLD COAST, West Africa, anti-European feeling runs strong. "Never trust a white man," is an oft-repeated saying. The appearance, therefore, of Bishop Kiwanuka, of Uganda, at the recent Gold Coast Eucharistic Congress thrilled everybody. An African, one of their own blood, a Catholic bishop! "Did you see him?" someone asked a small boy. "Yes, but not enough," he replied.

SO YOU WERE BORN

As one of 1. COLOR 200,000 babes born today, you have-



3 chances in 9 of being born in China, or India;



3 chances in 9 of being born in one of the remaining lands of color;



3 chances in 9 of being born in a white man's land.

You have only 1 chance in 20 of being born in the U.S.A.

Let's pretend that, as the sun came over the horizon this morning you were born into this world of two

2. LIFE SPAN



If you are born in India, you have 3 chances in 4 of dying within twelve months.



If you live to be a year old in India, you then have a 50-50 chance of growing to maturity.



If you are born in the U.S.A., you have 29 chances out of 30 of living till you're a year old.



If you are born in the U.S.A., you have an average chance of living to be 67 years old.

3. HEALTH



black, brown, or yellow, you have 2 chances in 3 of being chronically ill all your life with malaria, in-

testinal diseases, or tuberculosis.

If you are born . If you are born white, better living conditions make the chance very small that you will be chronically ill; if it comes



you'll have care unknown to others.

THIS MORNING!

billion and more souls. What are your possibilities as you take up your life on this planet? Small chance you'll be a Catholic American.



4. FOOD

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Regardless of your color, you have:



1 chance in 3 of suffering from malnutrition through insufficiency of the right kinds of food.





1 chance in 5 of being hungry all your life, and at times starving from famine.

5. WAY OF LIFE

If you are black, brown, or yellow, you have:



3 chances out of 4 that you will never know how to read or write;



2 chances out of 3 that you will live all your life in a mud hut with dirt floor, thatched roof, no chimney.

6. RELIGION

You have:



1 chance in 7 of being a Catholic;



l chance in 7 of being a non-Catholic Christian;



2 chances in 7 of being a Hindu or a Confucianist:



3 chances in 7 of belonging to other non-Christian beliefs.

Bob Considine's \$3.00 Book THE MARYKNOLL STORY - FREE!

This is your book premium if you purchase any three titles of the four new books by Maryknollers listed below. Don't miss this opportunity!

MARYKNOLL'S GENERAL WRITES A BOOK



David McKay \$3.00

The Early Days of Maryknoll is a complete and authentic story of the first Maryknoll decade. Every page of the book possesses a sparkle that provides delightful reading.

Nevelty Note Cards with a missionary flavor—full color designs on fine quality paper. 30 cards and envelopes boxed......\$1.00 10 cards and envelopes packaged........40 #201 Assorted designs #209 Thy Sons Shall Come

 Limie Limie Cords
 designed for varied uses: notes, gifts, announcements.

 Box 75c
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 #231B
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 #232B
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 #233A

THE ADVENTURES OF WU HAN OF KOREA by Maryknoll's Father Nevins is a "thriller diller" that cap-

tures all ages. Dodd Mead \$2.50

PACIFIC HOPSCOTCH by Sister

Maria Del Borria divid disperse of

PACIFIC HOPSCOTCH by Sister Maria Del Rey is a vivid glimpse of the Maryknoll Sisters in the Pacific.

Scribner \$3.00

Sister Just's **IMMORTAL FIRE** is a missionary classic covering each century from St. Paul to our own times.

Herder \$7.50

Make \$50 for Christmas!



Parishes, clubs, men, women, young folks, use Maryknoll Christmas cards to raise money. Check coupon for sample box and selling plan.

ORDER FORM The Maryknoll Bookshelf Maryknoll P.O., N. Y.

Please send

	Send	Christmas	card	sample	box,	selling	pl
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M.....

Address _____

City _____ State___

YOU WON'T FIND Siuna on most maps of Nicaragua, probably. It is only a small mining town in the mountains, and its people are poor, downtrodden, and the prey of a multitude of diseases.

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Much of our time, when we're not with the 270 children in school, is spent taking a few cheerful words and some sort of material help to our neighbors. If we find a bad case of illness, we try to get room in the mining company's hospital. This morning we went there with Francisco and Adela.

Poor Francisco! He is nineteen years old but appears to be about ten. He's a sight to behold — with thin arms, protruding stomach, crossed eyes, and swollen ankles. The poor boy wants to come to

Afield with the **Maryknoll Sisters**

school, so we put him in the second grade. His father begged this privilege for him because he believes Francisco will die soon.

"Let him be happy while he can," the father said. And Francisco faithfully drags his pitiful body to school

whenever he is able.

The doctor at the hospital examined the youth. His blood is like water, and his diseases are legion.

These youngsters in South China were taught by Maryknoll Sisters to love the Mother of God. Now their Communist masters try to destroy that love.



But the doctor is hopeful, "I think I can help you, Francisco," he said cheerfully.

Just a few weeks ago, Francisco had told me, "I am doomed, Seestah!" Now he has a new light in his eyes.

Adela received bad news, however. She is eighteen and has been married two years. We were sure she had tuberculosis, because she was so weak and emaciated.

The doctor used his fluoroscope and then shook his head. "You are right," he agreed.

On another day, we visited Don Hernan, a cancer case. He was shivering with cold, as he lay on rags on the floor of the poor cottage. We almost envied him, because the day was a broiling one! Even in tropical heat, this sufferer cannot get warm.

We promised to bring him a blanket, for he had only a thin sheet to cover him. "Please don't forget,

Sister!" he pleaded.

I hurried home immediately, and got the blanket. It's hard to describe the sick man's gratitude.

His wife told us that their cows (their only means of support) had been grazing on the road and had been confiscated by the police. That was a tragedy, indeed!

"Eleven cordobas fine for each!" the woman wailed. "We can never pay that much! There are five cows, at eleven cordobas each! We never even heard of so much money!"

The Sisters wrote a note to the Commandante and explained the situation to him. The official kindly annulled the fine because the family is in dire straits as a result of Don

Hernan's grave illness. There are five small children to be cared for in that afflicted household.

"The bed is too hard, Madre!" said Paulita's mother, when we expressed surprise to see her up and around, on the day after her baby's birth. We could understand, for the "bed" was merely planks of wood over two crates.

The baby's father has been in the hospital for the past four months. Since the mother became unable to work, the family has had a difficult time. The food we brought was received with joy and gratitude.

-Sister Virginia Therese (Johnson), of Brooklyn, N. Y., now in Siuna, Nicaragua.

Not so many years ago, Siuna seemed a hopeless little town. The muddy streets yawned with puddles; the shacks just didn't feel like standing up straight.

Then the Capuchin Fathers came to the rescue. Part of their rescue program was the establishment of a

Catholic School.

Since 1944, the Maryknoll Sisters have been part of Siuna's "folks." The people have learned to come to the Sisters in their happy times as well as in trouble. It isn't always possible to give them material aid; indeed, a sympathetic ear is often all that they want. Discouraged, oppressed, ignorant, and unable to lift themselves from the misery which surrounds them, they are so grateful for friendship and advice.

Best of all, there are 270 little ones learning to know God and to serve Him. Siuna's future looks bright!



Long years ahead in a strange land! But souls are waiting for this Maryknoll Sister. She goes to teach and to heal, — to show the love of Christ.

Many Maryknoll Sisters are now in Asia, Africa, Latin America and the South Sea Islands. They are hard at work in their new lands. They are there because the Catholics of America sent them.

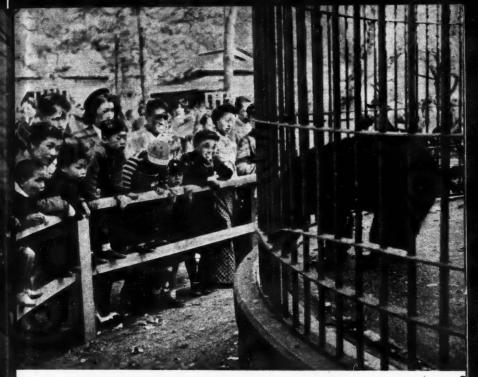
More are ready now. Can you help to "get them across"?

On the average, the passage for one Sister to her distant mission costs \$500. Much? Yes, but willing hearts will do it.

How wonderful, if you could send a Sister all the way!

MARYKNOLL S	STERS, Maryknoll, N. Y.					
Dear Sisters: Here is \$to help win the world's fight for souls.						
Name						
Address	•					
City	Zone	State				





The Kyoto zoo is a popular attraction. Most of its animals were destroyed in the war. Maryknollers tried unsuccessfully to get a lion for the zoo.

KYOTO KLOSE-UPS

"COLORFUL KYOTO" might be another title for this picture story, because few places equal rainbow-hued Japan. It is good to see that more and more Japanese are returning to their own dress. After the war, because of a scarcity of cloth and in an effort to please Americans, many Japanese adopted Western garb. Now once again the streets of Japan are being brightened by the colorful kimonos, no two of which ever seem to be the same.

Photos by CY KLEMISH, CONSTANTINE BURNS, and CLEMENT HANSAN



When Bishop Lane visited Kyoto recently, Christians from all the parishes turned out to welcome him. (Below) He pases with some of them. (Above) A Kyoto street stand provides plenty of color.









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The Maryknoll Roundup

Not Fair. Two small youngsters ran up to the Maryknoll mission in Kowak, Africa, crying their eyes out. Bro-

ther Damien heard the noise and went to see what was wrong. "What's the trouble?" asked Brother Damien. One of the youngsters stopped crying long enough to mutter: "We were throwing stones at the baboons on the edge of the clearing. It was



BRO. DAMIEN

great fun to watch them try to dodge the stones. But one baboon wouldn't play fair. He picked up a stone and threw it back at us. Then the other baboons started throwing stones at us. We really got scared."

Most Wonderful. Not long ago Father Edward V. Mueth, Maryknoll Missioner from St. Louis, Mo., was rid-



FR. MUETH

ing in a Hong Kong bus. Suddenly there was a commotion, as a young Chinese grabbed a nearby man and accused him of being a pickpocket. The man was searched, but no money was found. Two blocks later, both got off the bus.

Afterwards Father Mueth happened to glance down — and saw a roll of

bills on the floor. He counted the bills and found that they amounted to \$70. An ad in the Chinese paper brought the young owner to the Marykoul house. The roll of bills was returned to him at the bus depot, where Father Mueth had turned it in."

Yucatan Rosary. "Welcome, Padre! We've been waiting many years for you to say Mass and recite the Rosary in our town." It was the first visit of Father Robert E. Lee, Maryknoll Missioner from Brooklyn, to the tiny village of Santa Cruz Chico, hidden

deep in the Yucatan jungle. The man who had greeted him so warmly was called Pacheco. The words reminded Father Lee of the extra rosaries in his pack. "Does anyone need a new pair of beads?" asked Father Lee. "Well, yes and no," replied



FR. LEE

Pacheco. "The last priest who came here gave us rosaries. Since they wore out, we have been using our old ones." Pacheco reached into his pocket and brought out his old rosary; ten kernels of corn.

That Explains It. The African habit of naming a child after any event that happens at the time of its birth can prove embarrassing. Father John

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M. Schiff, Maryknoll Missoner from New York, noticed an African boy crying in church and asked him what the trouble was. "Nobody believes

that I'm sick," the lad replied. "What's the matter with you?" Father Schiff inquired. "Nothing," said the boy. "I'm sick." Wishing to get to the bottom of the matter Futher Schiff kept up the questioning and after many tries he asked the



FR. SCHIFF

question that brought a smile of appreciation to the African lad's face. Explained the youngster: "That's my name—I'm sick. But nobody believes me."

Immediate Attention. Father John C. Murrett, Maryknoll Missioner from Buffalo, N. Y., placed an order for a mattress and a rug with the Kyoto, (Japan) Special Procurement Board. The Manager told him to pick out the ones he wanted at the warehouse, and they would be sent to him. A month went by with no sign of either, so he returned to the office. "The clerk said that you picked out two mat-

tresses and three rugs," the manager said. "Please make out a new order." Another month went by, and still no delivery. Father wrote a note, canceling the order. Later he received this reply: "Please wait a little longer. I assure you that we will send you the 90 mattresses and the 120 rugs you ordered."

Sick? Back in the days when conditions were more peaceful in South China, Father Lloyd I. Glass, Maryknoll Missioner from Cresco, Iowa, was on a mission trip to a village high in the mountains. Although he is a strong man, Father Glass found

that he had to stop often and rest, on the way up. The Mass kit and his baggage got heavier and heavier. As he was resting a little Chinese girl ran down the mountain and offered to carry the heaviest grip the rest of the way. She insisted, and he gave



FR. GLASS

in. The next morning, she was in line at the portable dispensary. "I've felt very weak for some days," she said.

WHERE IN THE WORLD ARE THE MARYKNOLL MISSIONS?

IN THE PACIFIC

JAPAN — In the Prefecture of Kyoto. KOREA — Temporarily in Seoul (Vicariate of Peng-Yang closed to American)

MANCHURIA - Diocese of Fushun,

SOUTH CHINA — Dioceses of Kongmoon, Kaying, Wuchow; Prefecture of Kweilin; also in Diocese of Hong Kong. HAWAIIAN ISLANDS — In Diocese of Honolulu.

FORMOSA — Prefecture Apostolic of Taichung.

IN LATIN AMERICA

BOLIVIA — Vicariate of Pando; also in La Paz, Cochabamba, and Santa Cruz.

CHILE — In Dioceses of Talca, Chillan, Temuco, and parish in Santiago.

PERU — In Diocese of Puno; among Chinese in Lima.

CENTRAL AMERICA—In the Huehuetenango region of Guatemala and in two other areas of the north.

IN AFRICA

TANGANYIKA -- Prefecture of



Fishers of Men — not along the Sea of Galilee but along the Beni River in Bolivia, countless numbers of souls must be reached. The only possible way for our missioners to do this is by boat. Will you provide one — for \$250?

Wine and Hosts used by a priest saying daily Mass for a year, in one of our seminaries, cost \$24.65. You may, if you wish, donate the wine and hosts for the Holy Sacrifice of one priest for one year.

Bose Motive. Five hundred bags of cement, at \$1 a bag, will be needed for the basement of a new school in Chile. Our motive in making this appeal is to get material for a sound foundation.

When It Rains It Pours! — pours right down on the African people who attend Mass in the Masonga mission. 400 roofing sheets at \$3 each, are needed for a church roof. Could you help keep those poor people dry?

All This and Heaven Too! Two holy water fonts are needed in Bolivia. You would be helping souls get to heaven by supplying the wherewithal for these sacramentals. They cost \$20 apiece.

What Is Dark Yet Gives Light? A blackboard, which enlightens the class-room! Father Kircher requests eight. They cost \$15 each. Will you help?

Where to Put Them? Sisters, that is. One of our Maryknollers in Japan is head over heels in work. He would like to have the help of Sisters, but the problem of furnishing a home arises. He needs \$4,000 to build and furnish a convent. Will you help to lighten his burden?

KNOWLEDGE, knowledge! Our Maryknoll Library and some of our school centers would be happy to possess the *Child's Book of Knowledge* and other used encyclopedias and reference books. Send them to: *The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll, N. Y.*

Ever Feel "Run Down"? Then you know the physical state of most of the children in our South American missions. Any donation you can spare for vitamin pills to build them up will be most welcome.

A Window on Eternity — picture slides for religious education, by which persons who do not know Our Lord may see Him at work, learn how He looked and what He did, and come to understand His message. Such slides cost 15c each. Maryknoll priests in Japan need 1,000 slides for the instruction of well-disposed Japanese.

Bargain Gift. \$1 will purchase 15 seedlings for trees in Africa. A missioner writes: "The fabulous African jungles are not here. I can look for miles without seeing a tree. Trees would act as a windbreak, would bring the temperature down, would help the soil, and would supply building poles in the future." Make a big gift for little money.



WHAT WE DON'T HAVE IN AFRICA

FURNITURE: "We get by with shipping crates, but don't have enough even of those! A few chairs, tables, a bed or two, and some drawers to put things in, would help." Say \$300 worth?

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RECTORY: "Could be built for \$3,000. An overnight shelter for parish visitations would cost \$100."

DISPENSARY AND MEDICINE: "A dollar doesn't buy a great deal in most places, but it goes a long way in Africa!" Needed — \$75 for remedies, \$300 for building.

SCHOOL in the territory of Masonga. "For a population of 20,000 people there are only 2 schools, one being ours which is conducted in a tumble-down grass shack." A permanent one could be built for \$1,500.

CARPENTERS' TOOLS: Saws, hammers, planes — all types, \$1 to \$100. "Give us the tools and we'll do the job!"

SEWING MACHINES: "In Africa there is one for every 6,000 people. Sisters are anxious for more to train the school girls. We can buy one for \$82.22."

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll P.O., N.Y.

